

John Henry's PAL

By GEORGE V. HOBART

"Seven thousand simoleons to the bank!" echoed Bunch Jefferson, as he sat in the club and made rapid passes at a light luncheon.

"Sweetest thing you know," I answered. "Poor old Uncle Peter is padding around the ponds and his pocket-book is looking like a scuttled ship."

"Tussy Uncle Peter, of all the come-ons! It seems like a pithy paragraph, it does, John," laughed Bunch.

"The goods, Bunch," I answered. "Ever since that little filly, Peaches, won the big race and Clara J. accidentally tore off \$10,000, Uncle Peter has had colts in the hat-block. The old man is certainly horse-hotheaded. He spends all his time at the track, dipping out hot air to the stable boys and jockeys and trainers, and the only win he has made so far is 50 cents car fare the day he had to stay home and nurse his rheumatism."

Bunch laughed so earnestly that one of the lunch-clopes hopped off the plate and started to leave the room.

"And you, John?" he inquired when he got back. "What have the captains of industry been doing to you since I saw you three months ago?"

"To me?" I answered, throwing the chest out a foot and giving Bunch the busy glare. "Never more!" Every penny I have is paid to the floor, and the floor goes in the side at sundown. I admit freely that for quite some time I have been with the Andrew Carnegie push and tried to give my own away, but I'm through. I've stopped splashing."

"Still living at Rumbold's?" Bunch inquired.

"Yes," I answered. "Still in the foothills. You must come out and camp with me in the bungalow for a week or two, Bunch. The fresh air will do you good."

"Thanks, John. I do need a rest after that South American trip. Very likely I'll take a long breath and rush out your way the latter part of next week," Bunch responded.

"Latter part of next week?" I echoed. "Oh! yes, now I remember. Uncle William Gray and Alice are expected home from Europe about that time and they have a castle in the cornfield next to ours—tush, Bunch, tush!"

Bunch put on a little pink around the eyes.

"When are you and Alice going to trot in double harness, Bunch?" I asked. "Seems to me you've been dodging the minister about long enough now!"

"I'm for a license the next minute after I overcome Uncle William's objections," Bunch answered, mournfully. "He says Alice is too much to the kindergarten to leave home yet. Say, John, I'm afraid the old gentleman handed out the set-back just because he doesn't approve of me."

"Say that off," I said; "why, you're white all the way through, Bunch, and Uncle William knows it. Alice is the apple of his eye and he likes to have his apple where he can see it; that's all, Bunch. You'll get her all right, if I have to go and drag her away myself."

Bunch laughed and changed the subject.

"And do you mean to tell me you tell her to a fancy dust-thrasher like that Peaches filly and never sent her out after a wad of real money?" he inquired. "Why, somebody ought to take you by the ear and scold you!"

"Nix, Bunch," I answered. "I sold Peaches to Muri Higginbottom, the trainer; soaked the take-off in a slice of real estate and today I'm away to the good old honest, Bunch. I'm now about six blocks up Easy Street, and walking fast. Sometimes when I think of that little bunch of bills in the bank I get so stuck on myself I want to run over to Philadelphia and laugh at the mint."

"Oh, slice your cake, John!" chirped Bunch. "I've seen you with a bundle of money before now, but the snow drifted in the safe, nevertheless."

Bunch is the original Human Frost. It tickles him to throw icewater on the warm babies.

"It strikes me queer," Bunch went on after a pause; "that you'd sold Peaches after she got so busy in that big race and handed you out such a fancy finish!"

"I didn't exactly sell Peaches," I answered. "Muri Higginbottom, the Kentucky go-man, hauled in a large wad on that very race, so for a cash consideration I let him have Peaches for three years. He'll treat her white, you can bet on that. Clara J. and I intend to save up, and at the end of three years we'll have a home for Peaches, and she won't have a thing to do but pull a six-pound dog-cart once or twice a week, and bite her way through all the hand-painted oats she wants for life!"

"It seems pitiful," sighed Bunch, "to see a man get his hooks into a streak of luck and then let go of the hooks."

"Blame it all on the wise little Gasbome who answers roll call when you mention Clara J.," I answered. "She figured it out that the amount she won by accident just about broke even with the various sums I've lost by design, so 'John,' says she, 'cut your cables and drift away! drift away!'"

"And you drifted," laughed Bunch. "Say, Bunch, do you expect me to sit on the doorstep of a foolish house all my life?" I inquired. "Don't you think I owe it to my wife and my relations to put the pipe down once in a while and pretend I'm awake? What do I know about horses?" It was Muri who turned the trick, and if I had followed it up it was me for the cold storage, sure. It would have been a case of Alship Mike, up and away as

the crow flies for little Johnny's money. There's only one cinch at the track, believe me, Bunch, and that's the bookmaker. He's the only one down there who can keep a ten-spot long enough to look at the pictures on it."

"Wait, John," Bunch broke in; "I've got a great and original idea!"

"Be kind to it, Bunch; it's in a strange land," I admonished.

"You say Uncle Peter is going the pace that kills the bookies with joy?"

"The old man is on the hot-foot, sure thing," I answered. "Of course, he's not really likely to go broke because he has so much money that the only way he could lose it all is to drop it in a well. Nevertheless, it's painful to watch him going up against the bookies every day and having it put all over him till his financial system is black and blue."

"What do the home folks think about it?" inquired Bunch.

"Up to now they aren't wise to the fact that Uncle Peter is so busy at the bookies!" I answered. "There's a strong smell of smoke about his bank account, but there's been no alarm turned in. Aunt Martha has noticed recent changes in Uncle Peter, however, and it's only a question of time when she'll catch him with the goods. It used to be that the old fellow was

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"Sure," said Bunch; "isn't it the shell road to wealth? Isn't it Clinch into your parlor and get his roll, avenue all the way to the bank? All you have to do is to coax Uncle Peter. After a while when the old gentleman's fit of coughing is over and he backs away from the fight, disgusted and sick of it, you can hand him his money, minus the commissions, and give him such a shock of joyous surprise that he'll stand on his head and thank you with both feet."

It sounded like a wise wheeze.

"But Uncle Peter would recognize me, and it would be all to the frizzle," I cried suddenly. "Clara J. wouldn't fancy it if she learned I was fooling around the track again after she had squared matters for me and put me even. I guess I'd better let Uncle Peter plod along to the poor-house," I added, sadly.

"Nonsense, John," chortled Bunch. "You don't have to appear in the matter at all. Besides, I'll take a hand in the game myself."

"You be the bookmaker, that's it; fine, Bunch, fine!" I yelled.

"Not exactly," he broke in; "but I can get a fly had named Ike Schwartz to stall for us. Ike is a member in good standing of the Bookmakers' Brotherhood and Burning Money Hunters' association. I've known Ike for years, and since our object is purely philanthropic, I'm sure he'll be glad to give us the helping mitt."

"What'll it cost to put this production on, Bunch? I'm quite willing to rush to Uncle Peter's rescue, but I'm not eager to sprain my ankles in so doing," I said.

"We won't take a single chance," Bunch answered. "Before we go any further, John, I must tell you that my motives are not wholly unselfish. I've got an idea that if I can make myself solid with Uncle Peter he may be induced to square me with Uncle William Gray, and thereby enable me to head Alice away to the little old log cabin of our own."

"Drop that plate; it's hot, Bunch," I said. "Uncle Peter Grant and Will-

iam Gray never speak as they pass by. You've picked out the wrong answer."

"I know all about that," Bunch came back. "But Uncle William has great faith in Uncle Peter's judgment, just as hard. However, I'll take a long chance on all that. How much loose coin have you, John?"

"About \$5,000 loose, besides the bundle that's working in the real estate business; but that's tied up so hard I can't get at it," I answered.

"All right," Bunch went on; "we'll be equal partners in this deal. It'll take about \$10,000 to make the picture look right."

"What?" I yelled; "me risk \$5,000 to teach Uncle Peter how to behave? Not on your horsehoof! If Uncle Peter wants to take a walk on the road to ruin I'm not going to flag him; not when it costs me \$5,000 to buy the flag, nix!"

"Wait, wait!" Bunch broke in; "feel for the soft pedal and come back to Quiet Valley. Didn't I tell you we wouldn't take any chances? Do you suppose I'm dead anxious to chop up my money and feed it to the pigeons? You leave this to me, and I'll guarantee you'll save Uncle Peter and be a hero to your family forever and ever. Are you game? Say the word and we'll hunt up Ike Schwartz!"

"Light the gas, Bunch; I'm with you," I said.

And we shook hands on it. (Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Want Bounty on Squirrels.

Since the bounty on squirrels was stopped several years ago the little pests have greatly increased in numbers until the question of handling them has become of vital importance to the welfare of all growers of grain and vegetables.

Every farmer has to devote from five to fifteen days each year in fighting squirrels, and the annual cost of poison to each farmer averages \$5.

During the operation of the former squirrel bounty law the animals became quite scarce in this section, for men often made wages in the spring by a systematic campaign against the squirrels. The amount of damage caused each year in this county by squirrels runs into many thousands of dollars, causing a consequent decrease in the amount of grains, grasses and vegetables produced and an increase in the cost of production.—Oliveville Correspondence Spokane Herald.

Elastic Roads in Switzerland.

An interesting experiment has been made with promising results at Zurich. Fine gravel, the grains averaging from one-twentieth to one-tenth of an inch in diameter, the whole carefully freed from earthy substances, was coated in a revolving drum with tar. These pellets were then carefully dried and hardened, and after eight or ten weeks were spread during dry weather in a thick layer upon a prepared roadbed and rolled.

The road thus formed is inexpensive, possesses a certain elasticity and is said to withstand well the effects of heavy traffic. The desirability of a slightly elastic road for saving wear and tear and suppressing noise is evident.

"I become a bookmaker!" I gasped.



Look out for miles.

Select seed corn early.

The cow never tires of silage.

Don't put a sick fowl in a coop with healthy ones.

Scraps from the table will help to reduce the feed bills.

Old corn is the best feed until the new gets well cured out.

Every corn grower should test every ear of seed corn this year.

In buying a cow the first thing to do is to look well into the breed.

Green-cut bone must not be confounded with ground bone or bone meal.

A great deal of interest is being manifested these days in the small farm.

Horses, hogs, pigs and calves eat silage and thrive on it as well as does the dairy cow.

The milk from a cow in a poor run-down condition is certain to be correspondingly poor.

Every orchard ought to be planted in checks to admit of clean cultivation with the smallest amount of hoeing.

On the average farm, fifty hens bring as big returns as the best cow in the herd with less feed and care.

Many times, one hill will produce six eight-ounce potatoes; which is at the rate of 520 bushels per acre.

Chicken-eating sows are said to be cured by a tablespoonful of baking soda in slop three times a day for a week.

The cream separator, the silo and the manure spreader should find a place in the equipment of every dairy farm.

The feeding of clover hay to poultry is a very simple matter and can be successfully done by any farmer or poultryman.

Scales are a good thing for a man to have. They enable him to know just what he has to sell and also what he buys.

Ewes that go into their winter quarters in an unthrifty and low flesh condition cannot bring good vigorous lambs in the spring.

There is often a tendency on the part of beginners to increase their herds too rapidly. Better go slowly and breed only the best.

A variety of crops certainly adds to the pleasure of living, if he can have on his table the early strawberries and the late blackberries.

Go carefully over your farming scheme as you worked it last season, try to discover the weak spots and set to work to remedy them.

If you have plenty of pasture and milk, this fall calf will make nice beef this fall calf, either for market or for the home meat supply.

It is estimated that 90 per cent of the poultry product of the country comes from the farm, and the value of these is close to \$300,000,000 yearly.

A few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water makes an excellent spring tonic for the poultry. It tones up the system and makes rich, red blood.

While there is more or less prejudice against the use of rye as food for farm animals, it forms a valuable addition to oats and barley for live stock in Germany.

Oat straw contains from three to four per cent of flesh-forming principles and about 12 per cent of gum, sugar and other fat-forming matters. Wheat and barley straw are not quite so valuable.

Get the very best seed you can find, put the crop in good condition. This season promises to be very favorable for planting and most farmers will be able to plant much earlier and with a better prepared seedbed than usual. Much corn is annually injured by early autumn frost because the crop was planted too late. In most sections there will be little excuse for late planting this year.

Horses should not be compelled to wear their winter coats of hair any longer than necessary. Farmers, as well as horsemen, should have their horses clipped as soon as they are expected to do spring work. It is true the horse sheds his winter hair, but sometimes the shedding is not as fast as it should be. Should the horse be out of condition the shedding process is naturally slow. He sweats badly and does not dry out well at night. Clipping is both humane and sensible. Horses which are not clipped until the weather is warm and which are properly blanketed and protected when necessary are not in any danger of taking cold.

Spray for soft scale.

Buy only the best seeds.

Plant some strawberries this spring.

If a hen is very sick, it scarcely pays to doctor her.

Strawberries work in well with vegetable growing.

The first week is the critical time in the life of the little pig.

Don't try to feed ten hogs in a trough big enough for only six.

Under domestication the hog has become an animal of wide distribution.

Now is the time to produce lots of milk. Plenty of time and prices are high.

A weak point in dairying is the lack of cleanliness at all times and in all things.

Treating small grains with formalin is too important to be overlooked by farmers.

To give profitable returns dairy cows must be well bred, well fed and well managed.

The most profitable nut trees for the middle states are the chestnuts, walnuts and shellbarks.

The first great requisite in the care of stock is perfect cleanliness, pure air and abundant sunshine.

A hen that does not lay usually does not bother the trap nest unless she is after eggs for food.

Flax has been found a profitable crop in the West and seems well suited to the prairie soils.

In buying a barrel churn don't get one too small; if you do you will find it takes a long time to churn.

Raising of broilers is a business by itself. Start on a small scale and then with success increase the capacity.

Scrub poultry may serve a good purpose in the pot, but they should not be permitted to propagate their kind.

Stables should be well lighted and so arranged that the light will not strike the animals directly in the eyes.

Few farmers and poultrymen know about the feeding value of bright, well-cured clover hay for laying hens.

You can not make a greater mistake than to confine your breeding ducks, especially if they are Indian Runners.

One of the very important things to do this month is to make your selection of seeds and plants and order them now.

Pruning apple trees involves so many principles that only the most general survey can be given in a short discussion.

The dairy cow is one of the best money makers on the farm; but, like hens, she pays only according to "value received."

The Holstein, the Ayrshire and the milking shorthorn are the best breeds for the milk farmer to raise. For cream select the Guernsey.

Good comfortable housing and judicious feeding are the two cardinal principles of successfully wintering the breeding ewes.

The value of skim milk on the farm when fed in conjunction with grain is greater than it is usually given credit for being.

It is a good time now to take an inventory of your farm and plan to keep records of all transactions connected with your farming operations.

Don't be in a hurry to get rid of the old bull. Remember that he has proven himself and the calf that you buy will be more or less of a lottery.

A chilled egg will bring forth a weak chick if it hatches at all and a weak chick that has hard work to live is sometimes worse than no chick at all.

During the breeding season mate one drake with four ducks until the last of April, then diminish the number of drakes to one drake to five or six ducks.

The matter of keeping records is important. The farmer should be able to take account of stock at the beginning of every year, the same as any merchant does.

The lack of success which so many farmers have with chickens is largely due to a lack of planning, and they neglect to give the fowls the attention these plans call for.

Anyone can easily see that bone is one of the best feeds for producing eggs, as the fat assists in forming the yolk of the egg and also in sustaining the fowl in winter.

The possibilities of the best seed corn are so large in yield that farmers cannot afford to jeopardize the most valuable crop on the premises by neglect in the matter of thorough tests for strong germination of the seed.

Plan well for your hatching season. If you are going to use an incubator for the first time commence to plan for it now. Ascertain what make will be best suited to your needs, and then secure one, set it to running, put eggs in it, and make an experimental hatch before the time comes when you expect to do your best work and cannot afford to lose valuable time.

If hens are to be your means of hatching make a goodly number of nest boxes for your layers so that when one becomes broody she can have eggs put under her and closed up to prevent other hens from disturbing her.

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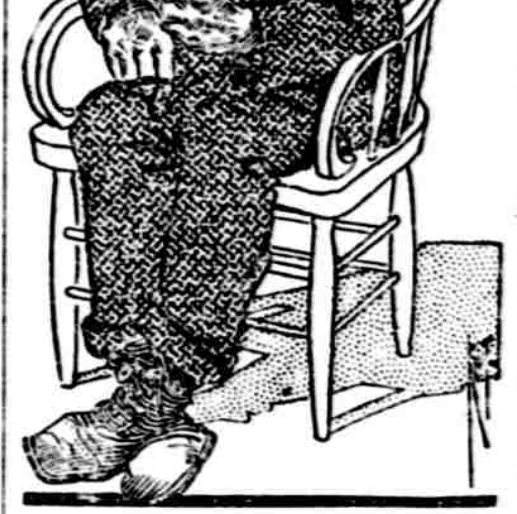
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He Drew the Line



"I've been a wicked man," he said. "I've done a many crimes: I've shot at folks by way of jokes a half-a-dozen times; I've gone in broad daylight and stole a wilder's fattened sheep; But though I've been a man o' sin, I never sold my vote."

"I've set fire to a tenement to see the neighbors run, I've run a racket book; I've swiped the skins from blind men's palms and thought that it was fun; An' once when it was bitter cold I took a cripple's coat; I've scuttled ships on pleasure trips—but never sold my vote."

"I've dynamited savings banks an' shipped off with the cash; I've sold the skins from blind men's palms an' thought that it was fun; I've been a counterfeiter too, an' made a greasy note; I've held up trains out on the plains—but never sold my vote."

"I've worked the shells at county fairs, an' pockets, too, I've picked; I've sold fake stocks in thousand blocks—the common I have tricked; Each victim's tears were like three cheers when'er I'd got his goat; Yet though, old pard, my heart was hard, I never sold my vote."

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